



THE
Bacchanalian. *R*

A new Song

WHile I quaff the rosy wine,
 With enliven'd wit I shine,
 With enliven'd wit I shine;
 Singing then the muses praise,
 Double fire inspires my lays:
 Double fire inspires my lays.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 I feel, I feel the pow'r divine;
 Free from all sorrows sway,
 I puff, like winds, my care away.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 All my faculties refine;
 My temper grows serene and fair,
 And like the summer's evening's air.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 Crowns of od'rous flowers I twine,
 Singing to the ecchoing grove
 The pleasures of that life I love.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 To soft passions I incline;
 My mistress then my song employs,
 And all love's pleasing painful joys.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 Every delight is mine;
 Youth does again my veins inspire
 I lead the dance and join the choir

While I quaff the rosy wine,
 I its force to reason join,
 And steel my breast against that fall,
 That common fate that it was us all.

